



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
October 30, 1945

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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ORCH: SWELL TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

WIL: WHEN MRS. MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, GOES SHOPPING, IT'S APT TO BE A VERY EXPENSIVE DAY. NOT BECAUSE SHE BUYS SO MUCH, BUT WHEN A HUSBAND LIKE HERS HAS THE FREE RUN OF THE HOUSE, ALMOST ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN. AND HERE, COMING HOME FROM HER MORNING'S MARKETING, ARMS FULL OF BUNDLES AND HEART FULL OF APPREHENSION, WE FIND MOLLY, OF ---  
--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK (Three-inch Heels)

MOL: (TO HERSELF) Well, I wonder what McGee's been doing while I've <sup>been</sup> gone, I'm afraid.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH:

MOL: It would be just like the rascal to take the piano apart to get a G-string for his mandolin.

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

SOUND: A WET SLAPPING:

MOL: He must be getting a massage. OH MCGEE!! MCGEE, darling...  
I'M HOME!

SOUND: MORE WET SLAPPING:

MOL: What in the name of --- MCGEE!! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) GO AWAY, SIS. WHATEVER YOU'RE SELLING, WE DON'T WANT ANY TODAY. COME BACK SOMETIME WHEN MY WIFE IS HERE.

SOUND: FAST SLAPPING:

MOL: McGee...sweetheart...remember me? I'M YOUR WIFE.  
FIB: Glad to meet you, sis. Now sit down and be quiet.  
When my wife comes home, she'll...(PAUSE) EH?  
OH, HIYAH, MOLLY. YOU HOME?  
MOL: WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S THAT PILE OF MUD ON THE  
PIANO STOOL?  
FIB: My dear girl....that is modelling clay. Have you led such  
a sheltered life...so remote from artistic circles that you  
fail to recognize a sculptor at work?  
MOL: Oh, I KNEW I should have taken you with me, or stayed home  
myself. WHAT'S THAT THING ON YOUR HEAD?  
FIB: This, my dear, is a beret. All us artists wear berets.  
Keeps our hair out of the paint, if we're painters;  
or out of the sculp, if we're sculptors. And we are.  
MOL: Oh, we are?  
FIB: Yep, I've entered a sculpture contest. Wistful Vista Art  
Centre. First prize, a hundred bucks. And I can use a  
hundred bucks like Hermann Goering could use a fast plane  
to Patagonia.  
MOL: But you've never had any training in sculpture.  
FIB: NEITHER DID VICTOR HUGO. BUT HE WAS A SUCCESS, WASN'T HE?  
MOL: VICTOR HUGO WAS NOT A SCULPTOR.

FIB: Neither am I. So I start even-steven with Victor Hugo.  
Now, if you'll excuse me, my dear ...(SLAPPING SOUND)  
MOL: I say....McGee.  
FIB: Please, Molly. When a creative artist is at work, one  
must never...NEVER intrude with commonplace things. You  
have broken my mood.  
MOL: I'll break your..(Now, Molly...control yourself...he's  
just a boy, at heart) . Where did you get that Mother  
Hubbard effect you're wearing, dearie?  
FIB: This is a smock. Borrowed it from a guy at the filling  
station.  
MOL: I see. Then the message on the back of it is an  
advertisement, and not a character reading.  
FIB: What's it say?  
MOL: "TIRES QUICKLY".  
FIB: Oh, it used to say Tires Quickly Repaired. It's an old  
pre-war smock. Now lemme see.....(SLAPPING CLAY.)...  
a little more height to the forehead.....(SLAPS) ...  
PLEASE, my DEAR!...DON'T COME BETWEEN ME AND THE MIRROR.  
MOL: Oh this is too much! DO YOU ADMIRE YOURSELF SO MUCH IN  
THAT SMOCK AND BERET THAT YOU HAVE TO STRUT IN FRONT OF  
A MIRROR? ~~Because frankly, you look, man...you want  
me to be frank, don't you?~~  
FIB: ~~It~~  
MOL: ~~all right~~  
FIB: ~~You see, the mirror is not more vanity, my dear.~~ I've gotta use the mirror - I am  
making a clay model of my own head and shoulders. I am  
calling it, "SELF PORTRAIT OF A COMMON MAN". Now lemme see..  
would you say I was about three inches between the eyeballs?

(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: Open or shut?

FIB: They're the same distance apart open or shut, aren't they?

MOL: I don't know. When they're shut, I can't see them.

FIB: Well, never mind. I'll use the tape measure and ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, Hello, Doctor Gamble!

DOC: Hello, Molly. Who's the little goblin in the almost white nightie and the beret? He looks like Michaelangelo's grandmother.

FIB: No one expects a lowbrow like you, Arrowsmith, to appreciate anything more artistic than a souvenir leather watchfob from Niagara Falls, Arrowsmith.

MOL: Do you know what he's doing with that clay, Doctor? He's making a bust of himself.

DOC: (PAUSE) Well, I don't think I can add anything to that remark, my dear. That leaves him as wide open as a dropped watermelon.

FIB: I'm calling it "SELF PORTRAIT OF A COMMON MAN".

(REVISED) -8-

DOC: And a very apt title it is, too, my boy. If a commoner man than you exists today in this weary world, I have been lucky enough not to meet him.

MOL: Isn't that nice!

FIB: You're not just sayin' that because you admire me, are you? Incidentally -- how do you like my sculpture as far as I've gone, Doc?

~~MOL: It's getting to be a real [unclear], isn't it, Doctor?~~

DOC: Speaking professionally, and as a snap diagnosis, I'd say the model for that sculpture had an incipient cirrhosis, a chronic malfunction of the spleen, undetected adenoids, and a weakness for cheap cigars. The Prosecution rests.

FIB: <sup>Look.</sup> Jack the Ripper, As an Art Critic, Arrowsmith, you are a fat-headed old tissue slicer, and you probably think anybody with an etching is just allergic to sea food. After all, this is NOT a finished work, Doctor. It is just a hunk of common clay.

MOL: Aren't we all!

DOC: Tell me, Termite, just what do you plan to do with this wrung-out blob of river-bottom after you get tired of teasing it? Convert it into a housing project for homeless earthworms, or bake yourself a batch of marbles - of which you could use a few?

FIB: Ignoring your crude attempts at humor, Doctor, I am entering this sculpture in the Wistful Vista Art Competition.

DOC: OH, NO!

MOL: Yes indeed, Doctor. He's going to win the first prize of One Hundred Dollars....he keeps telling himself.

DOC: He would. He's as self-centered as a Yogi contemplating his belt buckle. LOOK, CELLINI...take the advice of the family physician and throw that muck out the window. Then go take a long walk. Go bowling...go skating...no, don't go skating. Your ankles would fold up like a street map of Pittsburgh.

FIB: IS THAT SO!!

MOL: He used to play hockey, Doctor, for the Peoria BULLFROGS. And very well, too. Golly, what a goalie!

DOC: HE? PLAYED HOCKEY?

FIB: YES, I! PLAYED HOCKEY! AND I GOT OLD MAN SKINNEMER TO DONATE THE RINK, TOO! (PAUSE) SKINNEMERINK McGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh dear ...

FIB: SKINNEMERINK McGEE - THE SLYEST, SLASHINEST SKATER THAT EVER SLID SIDWAYS TO SHOOT A SHARP SHOT THROUGH CENTER OR SLAP A SPECTATOR SILLY WITH A SLICK STICK...  
SETTIN' THE STANDS TO SCREAMIN' AS I SLAM IN THE SCORE  
THAT SEWS UP THE SERIES

MAKIN' ME A SENSATION

FROM SASKATCHEWAN TO SALEM

BUT I PROMISED 'EM A SCULPTURE

AND I WOULDN'T WANTA FAIL 'EM!

APPLAUSE

ORCHES: "~~SOON, SOON, SOON~~" KINGSMEN: "It's a Grand Night for Singing" ←

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: SLAPPING CLAY:

FIB: New lemme see....a little more on the left shoulder...

(SLAP SLAP) That's it....(SINGS) "I'm a dreamer, Montreal"

...(SLAP SLAP) HEY MOLLY...HOW'S IT LOOK NOW? How are the ears? Too far forward?

MOL: I can't tell. Why don't you stick 'em on with a hairpin till you step back and see how they look?

FIB: Say, that ain't a bad ide ---

MOL: NO, LET ME DO IT! I've wanted to pin your ears back for a long time. Here's a couple of bobby pins and -

DOOR CHIME: *Interruptions, interruptions*  
FIB: ~~The doorbell~~ Our doorbell gets more fingers pointed at it than a tray of French Pastry.

(LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says our doorbell gets more --

MOL: 'TAINT FUNNY, McGEE!

FIB: Okay..COME IN, *anyhow.*

DOOR OPEN

VIRG: Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yes?

VIRG: We're taking a poll. Do you mind?

FIB: Not at all, sis. Glad to help you.

VIRG: Thank you. Good day!

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, MISS...WHAT POLL IS THIS?

VIRG: The one that holds your clothesline up. We just moved in next door.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: WELL, THE NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE!!! THOSE NEW NEIGHBORS...

FIB: I can't be bothered with them now, Baby. Time's getting short on this sculpture contest....gotta get busy.

(SLAP SLAP) HOW'M I GETTIN' THE MOUTH? IS THAT SMILE RIGHT?

MOL: N-n-no, I don't think so, dearie. It looks like you'd just come from the dentist, with your lips full of novocaine.

FIB: Well, no use guessing on this thing...might's well do it right. Take this tape measure...

MOL: And...?

FIB: I'll smile real big...the old personality stuff...the happy old Don Ameche...corner to corner...and you measure it. Okay...GO!

MOL: HOLD IT!!! There...I've got it.

FIB: What's it measure?

MOL: 29 inches.

FIB: WHAT? I'm happier than I thought I was.

MOL: ~~Oh dear, ...I was using the wrong end of the tape. D-d-it again. HOLD IT...there. Ahhh, seven inches! That's quite a smile, dearie.~~

~~FIB: Seven inches, eh. I'm happier than I thought I was.~~

~~MOL: Better be careful. If you smile any wider than that, the top of your head will come off.~~

~~FIB: I think I got it now. (SLAP SLAP) ANNN, THE SATISFACTION ONE GETS FROM BREATHING LIFE INTO INANIMATE CLAY...THE SHEER PLEASURE OF CREATING A WORK OF ART. THE SUBS...~~

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, Pal. What's all the putty for, tightening up the windows for winter?

MOL: That's clay, Mr. Wilcox...himself here is entering a bit of sculpture in the Wistful Vista art competition.

FIB: Sit down and be quiet, my boy. I must work fast...don't want to lose the North light, you know. (SLAP SLAP)

WIL: Does he do all this with his bare hands, Molly?

MOL: He does indeed, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: If you will observe carefully, my boy...you will notice that I can achieve with my thumb an effect which could never be duplicated by mechanical means.

MOL: What's that, dearie?

FIB: A thumb print.

WIL: PLEASE! DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!

MOL: Don't talk like what, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Like mentioning thumb prints. You KNOW how I feel about thumbprints and fingerprints...especially on furniture and woodwork. They're so UNNECESSARY, with Johnson's Wax so available. BY THE WAY...I'm going to Canada tomorrow, for a few days.

~~MOL: Really, Mr. Wilcox? If you have a hollow heel on one of your shoes you might smuggle me in some Hudson Bay~~

FIB: Business trip, Warey? I'll give you a note to an old friend of mine. Hiram Walker. Raises birds.

WIL: What kind of birds?

~~WIL: FIB;~~ Swallows.

WIL: Well, I'm going to visit the Johnson Wax plant in Brantford, Ontario. My cousin, Big Sedgewick Wilcox, is helping with Canada's Ninth Victory Loan.

~~FIB: I gotta cousin up there in Toronto, Junior Phelan McGee. Used to be in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Flew a Spitfire - if you'll pardon the expression.~~

~~MGL: We'll pardon it, but Germany never will.~~

~~WIL: This is Canada's greatest Victory Loan, you know.~~

FIB: I got a great slogan for 'em, Junior. "SIGN YOUR NAME TO VICTORY".

WIL: That's the slogan they're using.

FIB: (SHARPLY) HOW CAN THEY? I JUST NOW THOUGHT IT UP. Oh well.. you tell 'em to go ahead and use it. It's okay with me.

MOL: You're SWEET, McGee. And that's a good slogan, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Yes, it means that when you buy a bond you help guarantee a sound and lasting peace. You're making a promise to help pay the costs of bringing the fighting forces home, rehabilitating and maintaining the wounded, provide essential aid to liberated countries and build a personal stake at home. One of the greatest expenses of a war is the peace that follows, you know. You've got to get your country off its planes and ships and tanks and jeeps, and put it on its feet again. Besides that -

*key one side*  
FIB: PLEASE, MGL!! YOU'RE IN MY LIGHT AND I GOTTA HURRY WITH THIS SCULPTURE.

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(2nd REVISION) -17-

WIL: Oh, I'm sorry, Pal. And I wish you a lot of luck with your new career. If it interests you, my nephew, Big Phelan Wilcox, works in clay, and he made a hundred thousand dollars last year.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS... a hundred thousand dollars!

FIB: I told you there was dough in this stuff, Molly. What does your cousin make out of clay, Junior? Statues... busts... fountains... or what?

WIL: Bricks. Well, so long now.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ahhh ... that boy, that boy. Oh, well --

SOUND: SLAP SLAP

MOL: McGee, what on earth are you doing now? WHAT'S THAT BIG ROUND GOB OF CLAY ON TOP OF THE HEAD?

FIB: Oh, I had some clay left over so I thought I'd put a hat on it. Easiest hat to sculp is a derby. Kinda carries out the thought of the Common Man, too. (SLAP SLAP)

MOL: Very realistic, I'm sure. Maybe if --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED LUCK...EVERYBODY CRASHIN' IN HERE WHEN I ONLY GOT AN HOUR TO WORK....

MOL COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

STET

Revised 19

CARST: No, I really...WELL, IF YOU INSIST. YOU DO INSIST, DON'T YOU?

MOL: Oh we do indeed, Mrs. Carstairs. What are you going to play?

CARST: With a bagpipe, Mrs. McGee, one does not PLAN to play anything. ✓ One takes what comes out.

FIB: Kind of a musical punch board, eh?

CARST: However, I shall endeavor to render a little song composed by my husband entitled, "THE DRUMMER CAN ALWAYS BEAT IT, BUT THE PIPER'S LEFT HOLDING THE BAG." ✓ Are we ready?

MOL: Go ahead, Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: I'm all ears.

CARST: Quite!

BAGPIPE: SHORT NUMBER...END WITH WHEEZE.

MOL: Why Millicent...that was BEAUTIFUL!

CARST: Thank you.

FIB: That was the shortest bagpipe number I ever heard by a player in the longest kilt I ever saw. Are you Scotch, Carsty?

CARST: Er...half Scotch.

MOL: What's the other half, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: Soda, ✓ to be amusing. ✓ ~~██████~~ Canadian, to be truthful. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Music must be quite an inspiration to you, dearie. You were really working like mad while she was playing.

FIB: Yeah, but she threw me all off....I found myself makin' this derby hat into a tam o' shanter. (SLAP SLAP) BUT... IT'S ALMOST FINISHED...AHHHH...(LOUD SLAP) THERE! IT'S DONE!

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) This is a fine state of how do you do...

CARST: How do you do.

MOL: How do you do. (DOOR CLOSE) OH!..MRS. CARSTAIRS...DO COME IN, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Thank you.

FIB: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs. I trust you will forgive me, ladies, if I proceed with my work? One must create when one is in a creative mood, you know.

(SLAP SLAP)

CARST: Of course, Mr. McGee...but who is that you are boxing with?

MOL: He isn't boxing, Mrs. Carstairs. He's sculpturing a bust of himself.

CARST: Oh. So sorry. I am a little nearsighted, you know. Interesting piece of work, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Thank you, my dear. Wont you sit down, and watch me work?

CARST: Er..thank you, no. I am on my way to take my music lesson.

MOL: Oh is that your bag-pipe you have with you, Mrs. Carstairs? WONT YOU PLAY SOMETHING FOR US?

FIB: SURE, CARSTY....play something. There is nothing like music to inspire us artists to finer efforts. Come on... pump up that hot water bottle and squirt us out a little Highland boogie.

CARST: No, I really...WELL, IF YOU INSIST. YOU DO INSIST, DON'T YOU?

MOL: Oh we do indeed, Mrs. Carstairs. What are you going to play?

CARST: With a bagpipe, Mrs. McGee, one does not PLAN to play anything. One takes what comes out.

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MOL: Well, all I can say, dearie, is...THAT IS A PIECE OF SCULPTURE. And I'm so worn out from watching you slap it around, I'm going upstairs and lie down a while.

~~TEE: Okay...I'm gonna bust down to the art center with my run...  
I mean run down to the art center with my dust.~~

~~MOL: All right, dearie...lock the door when you go out.~~

FIB: (CALLS) OKAY, MOMMY! Ahhh, there goes a good kid. Does she try to discourage me when I take up a new career?  
NO SIR. Does she threaten to get a new hubby when hubby gets a new hobby? NO SIR. Does she -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there, Teeny. Look, I haven't got time today to -

TEE: OH BOY! .. MUD PIES! GEE, THAT'S A BIG ONE, MISTER!

CAN I PLAY TOO? HMM? CAN I, MISTER? HMM? CAN I? HMM?

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) This, child, is not a mud pie. This is a prize-winning sculpture entitled...HOW'D YOU LIKE TO PICK UP A FAST DOLLAR, SIS?

TEE: Gee, that's a good name for it, Mister.

FIB: NO, NO,..LOOK...THE ART CONTEST CLOSSES IN HALF AN HOUR... YOU DELIVER THIS TO THE JUDGES AND I'LL PAY YOU A BUCK.

TEE: How much you win if you get first prize, mister?

FIB: A hundred dollars.

TEE: Hmmm. One percent. You realize, mister, in a court of equity, the party of the first part, having contracted to deliver, as per agreement, certain stipulated services...

FIB: OKAY...TWO BUCKS!

TEE: It's a deal!

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: Now, get goin', sis.... I gotta get this entered before the contest closes and --

TEE: Gee, what do I cover it with, Mister?

FIB: Let's see,... where's there some wrapping paper. ... Oh, I KNOW... right here in the hall clos -

TEE: NO, MISTER... NO NO... PLEASE ...

DOOR OPEN: CABINET EFFECT: BELL TINKLE ... (PAUSE)

FIB: I gotta straighten out this closet one of these days...

"GOOD, GOOD, GOOD" -

~~ORCH: "IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR CHANGING"~~

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -23-24-

MOL: Have you heard anything from the art exhibit yet, McGee?

FIB: No, but I ought to hear from 'em any minute that I got first prize.

MOL: Or at least an honorable mention.

FIB: HONORABLE MENTION, MY CLAVICLE! I TAKE FIRST PRIZE OR I TAKE NOTHING! My gosh, if you'd seen some of the sculps they get down there -- WHY THEY GOT ONE OF A GUY WITH WINGS GROWIN' OUT OF HIS HEELS!

MOL: That's Mercury, dearie.

FIB: Well, I'll bet he dropped ten degrees when MY sculpture came in. The minute the judges see my Self Portrait of a Commoh -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: MAN, THAT MUST BE MY PRIZE MONEY BEING DELIVERED! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh my goodness...hello, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: OH, HIYAH, LA TRIVIA.

GALE: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee. What's this I hear about you entering a sculpture competition.

MOL: He has indeed, your honor. He's got a fifty-fifty chance of winning first prize, too. They either say NO, or they say YES.

GALE: Well, I do hope you win, McGee. Then perhaps you would make a small donation to a new civic project of mine.

MOL: What project is that, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: We are considering building a bridle path thru the outskirts of town. There has been considerable --

FIB: A BRIDLE PATH! WHAT DO THEY NEED A PATH FOR? EVERY BRIDE I EVER KNEW OF TOOK A CAB FROM THE CHURCH RIGHT TO THE AIRPORT OR THE RAILROAD STATION.

GALE: I was speaking of a bridal path for equestrians, McGee.

MOL: Equestrians or Episcopalians, the principle is the same, Mr. Mayor. No bride wants to walk around the outskirts of town after --

GA:E I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A BRIDE WALKING. I MERELY SAID --

FIB: Now just a darn minute there, La Trivia. I realize you're a politician and you gotta get votes, but by George, if you're gonna build special paths for newlyweds, and let us old married couples tramp along the hard pavements -

GALE: NEWLYWEDS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, I TELL YOU. BUT WHEN CITIZENS WHO KEEP HORSES COME TO ME AND --

MOL: Don't change the subject, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: I WAS NOT CHANGING THE SUBJECT. I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT A BRIDLE PATH FOR HORSEBACK RIDERS WAS --

FIB: AND HOW MANY PEOPLE GET MARRIED ON HORSEBACK... ANSWER ME THAT! MAYBE SOMEBODY TRYIN' TO GET THEIR PICTURE IN THE PAPER, BUT -

MOL: But that hardly justifies the expense of building a special path for them.

GALE: NOBODY INTENDS TO BUILD A SPECIAL PATH FOR NEWLY-HORSES. I MEAN HORSE BRIDE BACKERS....ER...EQUESTR...LOOK! Did you ever own a horse, McGee?

FIB: Had me a Shetland pony when I was a kid, La Trivia. Her name was Favor. Used to get up early every morning and curry Favor so my father would -

GALE: WHERE DID YOU RIDE THIS PONY?

MOL: He rode it where everybody rides a pony. Halfway between his neck and his tail.

GALE: THAT ISN'T WHAT I....IF YOU HAD A...LISTEN: - SUPPOSE THIS PONY WAS IN THE CITY. (PLEADINGLY) WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE A SPECIAL ROAD WHERE IT WAS SAFE TO RIDE OUT OF THE TRAFFIC?

FIB: Certainly. What's that got to do with getting married?

GA:E IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH GETTING MARRIED! YOU STARTED THIS MARRIAGE BUSINESS..NOT I.

MOL: WE DID NOT START IT! PEOPLE HAVE BEEN GETTING MARRIED FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.

FIB: AND THEY DON'T HAVE TO HAVE A SPECIAL PATH TO WALK HOME ON AFTER THEY DO IT, EITHER. AND I THINK THAT ANYBODY WHO --

GALE: (IN A FURY) WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME? I MERELY STATED THAT THIS CITY WAS BUILDING A BRIDLE HORSE.... ER...A PATH FOR NEWLYBACKS. I MEAN, WHEN A MAN WANTS TO TAKE A BRIDE... ER...A HORSEBACK... (PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yeah?

GALE: May I say just two words?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: ~~Thank you.~~ GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM. LOUD

FIB: You know, Molly...I sometimes think he deliberately gets me into those arguments.

(REVISED) -27-

MOL: Just the same, McGee, building a special path for brides was kind of a sweet thought. Very romantic. With rosebushes along the sides....a bridal path might be a very lovely thing.

FIB: Yeah..and first thing you know people would start usin' it for horseback riding. It ain't practical. BUT... La Trivia is kind of a dreamer and --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: HOT DOG...THERE'S MY HUNDRED BUCKS...COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister. Hi, Miz McGee.

FIB: HIYAH, SIS!

MOL: Hello, little girl.

FIB: WELL, DID YOU BRING IT, SIS? DID YOU BRING MY PRIZE MONEY? WHERE IS IT, SIS. HURRY UP!

MOL: Relax, McGee...maybe you didn't win first prize...let's face it!

FIB: OF COURSE I WON! THAT WAS THE FINEST PIECE OF SCULPTURE I EVER DID. IT HAD TO BE! IT WAS THE ONLY ONE I EVER DID. COME ON SIS...DIDN'T THEY GIVE YOU AN ENVELOPE FOR ME?

TEE: Sure they did, I betcha. Here it is, mister.

FIB: Thanks, sis. Here's your two bucks. Open the envelope, Molly. See if they sent cash or a check.

MOL: (TEARING ENVELOPE) You've got the most sublime self confidence, McGee, that - WELL HEAVENLY DAYS!...A CHECK FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

FIB:/ Well, natch.

(REVISED) -28-

MOL: - and a little note. "DEAR MR. MCGEE, CONGRATULATIONS! ENCLOSED FIND CHECK FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR YOUR WINNING ENTRY... 'TORSO OF A GOAT!'"

FIB: What'd I tell you? When you got a talent like mine, you... FOR WHAT? "TORSO OF A GOAT!"

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: WELL WHAT ARE YOU SNICKERIN' AT, SIS? JUST BECAUSE THEM JUDGES DON'T KNOW A PORTRAIT OF A COMMON MAN FROM THE TORSO OF A GOAT....

TEE: Well, it WAS kinda hard to tell by the time I got there, mister. (GIGGLES) <sup>Boy, was it ever a mess -</sup> I fell down with it twice.

ORCH: "OUT OF NOWHERE" - FADE FOR --

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - Oct. 30, 1945

~~WILCOX: To all of you young ladies who are starting housekeeping for the first time, or plan to start soon, I'd like to explain the modern way of keeping house -- with wax. It's called protective housekeeping. Here's how it works. Periodically, depending upon how much use a room has, you apply genuine JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, furniture and woodwork. You also wax your accessories, such as picture frames, venetian blinds, ornaments, leather articles. When you have polished these surfaces they glow with a rich, mellow lustre that fairly sings with beauty. And with every application of JOHNSON'S WAX this beauty increases. The coat of wax acts as a shield, guarding against dirt, wear, moisture. Dust and dirt do not cling readily to a waxed surface, and they are easily and quickly removed. So rule number one in setting up a new home is this -- wax everything right away with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX -- Paste, Liquid or Cream.~~

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

FIB: ~~LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AS WE ANNOUNCED AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS BROADCAST, WE ARE HERE IN TORONTO FOR THE OPENING OF~~ IN THE INTEREST OF CANADA'S NINTH VICTORY LOAN. THE OBJECTIVES OF THIS LOAN ARE THE OBJECTIVES OF ALL OF US ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER.

MOL: BUYING VICTORY BONDS MEANS THAT YOU SIGN YOUR NAME TO VICTORY ...THAT YOU SUBSCRIBE NOT ONLY YOUR MONEY FOR THE RETURN AND REHABILITATION OF OUR FIGHTING MEN...BUT THAT YOU SUBSCRIBE TO THE PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT. THE RIGHT OF LIVING IN PEACE...WITH A FUTURE SECURITY FOR YOURSELVES AND YOUR FAMILIES.

FIB: SO INVEST IN VICTORY BONDS TODAY...TO THE VERY LIMIT OF YOUR ABILITY.

MOL: PEACE WITH SECURITY IS EXPENSIVE - BUT IT'S THE BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED!

FIB: GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT ALL!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)